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Vol. CCV

No. 5369

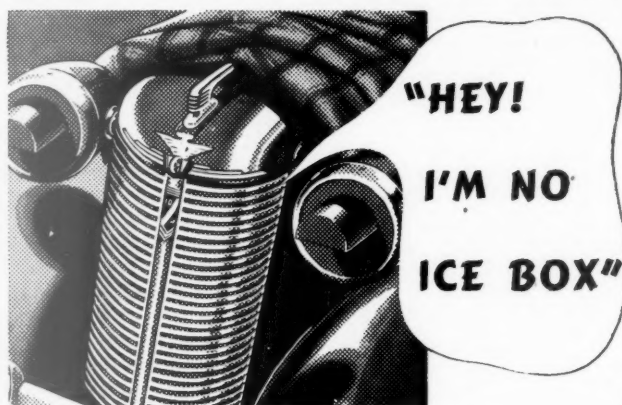
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Player's Please



★ FROM AUSTINS TO AUSTIN OWNERS



Water, allowed to freeze overnight, is enough to make even a sturdy Austin radiator crack up. In cold weather never forget to drain completely, and affix a "no water" card as a reminder. After refilling, always examine the drain tap to make sure it is not dripping. Now and then, clean the water system by flushing through till the water runs clear.

## HELP YOUR AUSTIN TO HELP THE COUNTRY

Read the AUSTIN MAGAZINE—4d monthly from your newsagent

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM

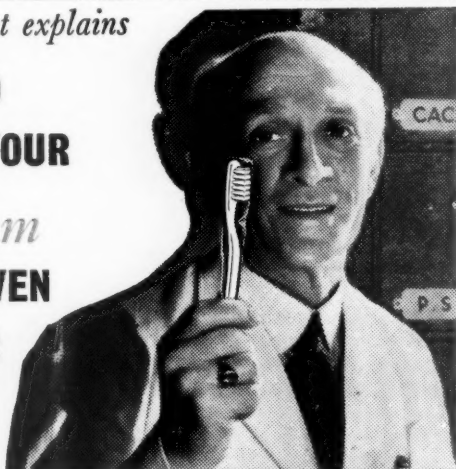
S.D.218

*Chemist explains*

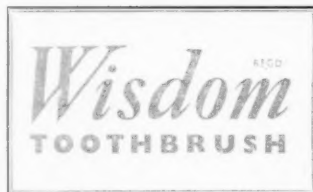
## HOW TO MAKE YOUR

*Wisdom*

## LAST EVEN LONGER



THE Wisdom Toothbrush is known as the longest-lived toothbrush. It will outlast 3 ordinary bristle brushes. Yet the following simple rules will make it last even longer: 1. Rinse toothpaste off brush; dry well. 2. Brush briskly, not harshly. 3. Avoid hot water on the brush.



**OUTLASTS THREE  
BEST BRISTLE  
BRUSHES**

MADE BY ADDIS LTD. MAKERS OF THE FIRST TOOTHBRUSH IN 1780



## Insight

"FROM this tree alone can I make a Stradivari." Thus did the world's greatest craftsman of the violin speak. His ear could detect what others failed to hear.

The exercise of insight which can probe today's production problems and add a touch of genius to essential components is a function highly developed by the Simmonds Organisation.

Simmonds AEROCESSORIES are everywhere saving time, materials and manpower. In conception, manufacture and application, they are in the finest tradition of the master craftsman.

## SIMMONDS

*In high service to*

**AERONAUTICAL, INDUSTRIAL & MARINE**

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THE SIMMONDS NUT · PINNACLE NUT · SPIRE NUT  
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GREAT WEST ROAD, LONDON

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Soup made with  
**MARMITE**  
always 'goes down'  
well



Marmite, the Yeast food-extract, adds nourishment as well as delicious flavour to all Soups, Stews and Gravies. Marmite makes a savoury filling for Sandwiches.

**HARTLEY'S**

*The greatest name  
in jam making  
for over 70 years*

**Great  
Scotch!**



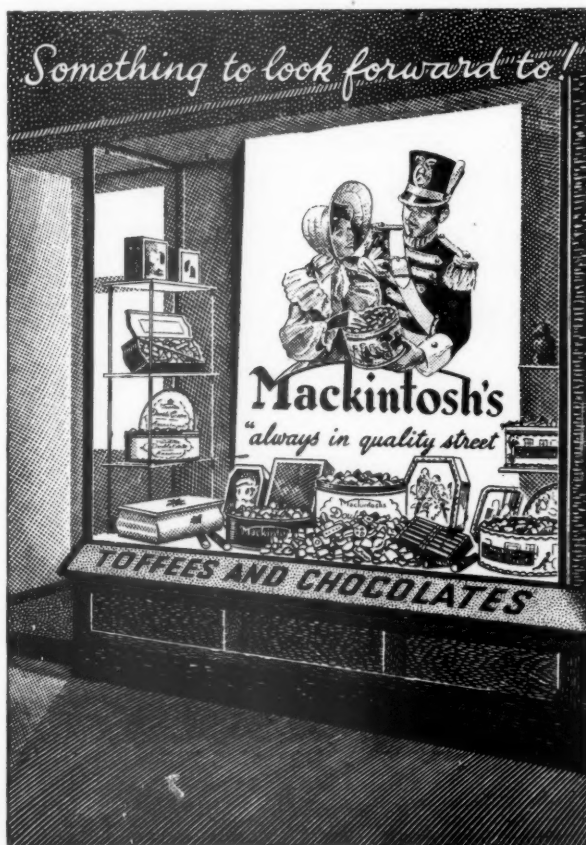
**OLD  
ANGUS**

A NOBLE SCOTCH  
—GENTLE AS A LAMB

Chosen for years by connoisseurs

OA-25

*Something to look forward to!*



**Mackintosh's**  
"always in quality street"

**TOFFEES AND CHOCOLATES**

**Sparklets**  
(REGD. TRADE MARK)

All available supplies of SPARKLETS BULBS are being distributed as equitably as possible. For the present, please "go easy with the soda" and return empty Bulbs promptly to your usual supplier.



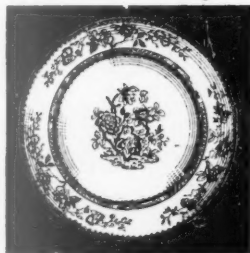
HYGIENIC — CONVENIENT — ECONOMICAL

2010



# SPODE

For Tableware  
of Quality



CHINESE ROSE

*Spode has never failed  
to supply replacements  
for 100 years and will do  
so again after the War.*

## Spode

*The China of Distinction*

W. T. COPELAND & SONS LIMITED  
SPODE WORKS, STOKES-ON-TRENT

## ASK AN AIRMAN



Ask an airman what he knows about Lister's. He won't tell you, but his mind will probably go back to his country home and the Lister plant which produced the power for the lights, the electric heater, the wireless and a score of other purposes.

To-day he knows that Lister's are providing Power Units, which are helping all branches of his Service.

R. A. LISTER & CO. LTD., DURSLEY, GLOS.

## Concentration

War work demands concentration; concentration is a great strain on the system—the result of a hard day's work may be headache—neuralgia—strained nerves—sleeplessness and that taut, pent-up feeling.



## Relaxation

You must relax properly to work properly. Never put up with a headache. Never let irritated nerves interfere with real rest or prevent sound sleep. Take two 'Genasprin' tablets and really relax. You'll be a new man in no time!



## 'Genasprin'

*kills pain QUICKLY—time it!*

'Genasprin' is absolutely pure and safe; it cannot harm the heart or digestion. There is no need to accept a substitute for 'Genasprin'; your chemist will have it in stock. Get some to-day. 7d., 1/5d., 2/3d.

The word 'GENASPRIN' is the registered trade mark of Genasol Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

**Cephos** *The safe & certain remedy*  
FOR COLDS & FLU

Healthy dogs  
make good companions



**BOB MARTIN'S**  
Condition Powder Tablets  
keep dogs fit

**LOOK!** our  
canteen complete  
with **ESSE**  
**COOKERS**



The ESSE Major Heat Storage Cooker is continuous burning and shows amazing Fuel Economy. The roomy fume-free ovens, large fast boiling area and cleanliness in operation will satisfy the needs of the most exacting of staff.

**THE ESSE COOKER CO.**

Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood Ltd. Established 1854  
Head Office & Works: BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND  
London Showrooms: 63 CONDUIT ST., W.1 • 11 LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4  
Also at LIVERPOOL • EDINBURGH • GLASGOW

## FALSE TEETH and worth-while advice

Do not suffer unnecessary pain and embarrassment by wearing a badly fitting denture. Try sprinkling the contact surface with KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, a tasteless white powder which will hold it firmly and comfortably in correct position. Also keep your plate clean and fresh by brushing regularly with KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER, recommended by dentists for removal of stains and food debris.

## KOLYNOS

**DENTURE  
FIXATIVE**  
makes false  
teeth fit firmly,  
1/3d & 3/3d.

**DENTURE  
POWDER**  
for cleaning  
artificial teeth,  
1/3d per tin.

From all chemists

## Simple Way to End Skin Troubles

This is the simplest yet most certain way to banish eczema, dermatitis and other unsightly skin troubles. Just apply D.D.D. Prescription, famous liquid healer, or use D.D.D. Balm, the new non-greasy ointment. Both possess the same healing properties. Use either preparation regularly for a little while and be the happy possessor of a clear, healthy skin.

D.D.D. Prescription 1/5, Balm 2/- (inc. tax).

**D.D.D. for all Skin Troubles**





## Into The Vessel's Hold

THE first Custom House, built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was destroyed in the Great Fire of London in 1666, later to be rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren. All the vast merchandise flowing to and from the port depended in the main, for inland transport, on the huge team-waggons of up to 10 tons burden. The scene has changed, but to-day Road Transport fulfils the same vital service to the Nation, serving direct to destination.

TRANSPORT SERVICES LTD., 116 Old Broad St., London, E.C.2

## Consolidating the Bridgehead of Rat Control

In planning an invasion, if success so far as humanly possible is to be assured—careful consideration must be given to the tactical defence and consolidation of bridgeheads.

The problem applies equally in the war against rats and mice: and the successful clearance of infested areas depends upon the care and forethought given to the defensive—as well as the offensive—measures taken once a bridgehead is established.

This fact is fully appreciated by the skilful surveyors of the Ratin Company, who, in conjunction with the Company's scientists, have perfected a plan of campaign which embraces not only a proven formula for the destruction of rodents, but also a plan of consolidation for those premises cleared of the pest. Thus



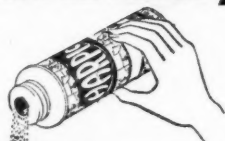
premises brought under control by the Ratin method are under skilled observation at carefully regulated intervals to ensure that they are not re-infested by a sudden counter-attack.

It is upon the thoroughness and integrity of its surveyors and operators as much as on the Company's scientists, that the success of the Ratin method depends, and the ever-increasing number of public and prominent private undertakings employing the Ratin Service is an irrefutable testimony to the work of national importance which they are performing.

THE  
**BRITISH RATIN**  
CO LTD

125 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1. Telephone: ABBEY 7621

## 3 reasons for using Harpic to clean the lavatory



### 1 EASY TO USE

To clean the lavatory, all you need to do is sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good idea). Then flush.

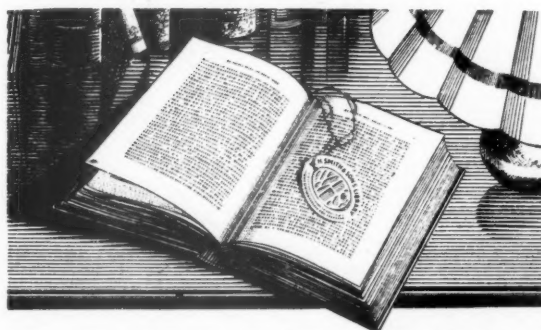
### 2 THOROUGH

Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you *don't* see as well.

### 3 DISINFECTS AS WELL

Not only does Harpic remove all discoloration—it cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan.

# HARPIC



## The Booklover's "Season Ticket"

The W. H. S. Library ticket is indeed a "season ticket" giving access to a whole world of reading for just so long as one cares to subscribe.

Ten shillings a year for "B" service—twenty shillings a year for "A" service—forty-three shillings a year for "Preferential"—the booklover can take his choice according to his

needs or the capacity of his pocket.

A membership ticket for W. H. Smith & Son's Library is about the best bargain a booklover will find in these days. Full details regarding rates for various periods can be obtained at any branch of the Library, or, in case of difficulty, direct from the Chief Librarian at Head Office.

MANY other services besides that of the Library are obtainable at Smith's Bookshops. Subject to wartime limitations, they cover all your reading and writing requirements.

W. H. SMITH & SON, LTD., 1500 BRANCHES  
HEAD OFFICE: STRAND HOUSE, W.C.2



## Pocket man's Placket



The "ZWOW" Pocket, an exclusive feature of the many delightful styles of "GOR-RAY" Skirts, not only gives you a very convenient man-style pocket, but a fastening of unusual neatness. Virtually eliminating the old style placket, it has no buttons or metal gadgets to cause gaping, bulkiness, or destroy the pleasing symmetry of the hip line. Smart women everywhere are wearing "GOR-RAY" Skirts. Are you? Good drapers and stores sell them.

All the better for the "Zwov" Pocket

C. STILLITZ, Royal Leamington Spa

**GOR-RAY**  
Skirts



The Simpson two-piece suit has a double appeal in these days of restrictions. It is not only "typical Simpson tailoring"—which means a lot to men who demand good clothes—but it is a coupon bargain. It costs only 21 coupons because there is no waistcoat. On cold days you wear it with a pull-over and most of us have one or two of these. In exclusive worsteds, it is supremely comfortable.

From the best shops in most big towns or from Simpson (Piccadilly), Ltd., 202, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

## GLASTONBURY PREDICTIONS

## Watch Aries

The whole Zodiac is watching Aries. The wise old Ram, they say, knows something. When, through my ultra-astral telescope, I saw Aries make the V sign with his right fore hoof, I immediately reported the phenomenon to 10, Downing Street. I thought the Cabinet might be glad to know that Morlands Glastonburys sheepskin booties would probably be available in post-war quality sooner than we had ever allowed ourselves to expect.



NO BOOTIES  
UNTIL AFTER  
THE WAR



## MORLANDS GLASTONBURYS

★ Meanwhile, take care of those you have until post-war improved styles arrive.



### HOT BOVRIL CHEERS!

Bovril has special powers of helping the processes of assimilation, thus enabling you to get full nourishment from your food. It gives you energy, and builds up your resistance. The appetising flavour of Bovril makes meals far more enjoyable, too.

In 1 oz., 2 oz., 4 oz. & 8 oz. Bottles

### FAMOUS SPRINGS

Roman Bath in the Adelphi, London, constantly fed, since the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, by Spring water from the nearby Holy Well. Charles Dickens took "many a header" into this bath, as recorded in 'David Copperfield.'



## TERRY'S for SPRINGS

HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD., REDDITCH, ENGLAND. Also at London • Birmingham • Manchester

FAMOUS  
FOR SPRINGS  
& PRESSWORK  
SINCE  
1855



# PUNCH

or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCV No. 5369

December 29 1943

## Charivaria

THAT station-master who was given a lemon by one of the repatriated prisoners from Germany is said to be still looking for a pancake to fit it.

We understand that it is not true that two burglars broke into the house of Mr. Herbert Morrison. It is well known that the Minister for Home Security isn't too keen on deputations.



"LIQUEUR BRANDY.—For ale. 6 bottles A. de Luze & Fils 1878. Best offer over £60."

Advertisement.

Join us in a pint?

A Frinton correspondent says that all his hens started laying a week before Christmas. So he had spam.

A persistent door-to-door canvasser was chased up the street by an irate housewife. She had repeatedly told him that she would *not* sell her vacuum-cleaner.

A high Fascist official in Northern Italy on being relieved of his post was offered a pension but was refused a lump sum instead. Apparently he had had all the lump sums there were.

"Christmas lent colour to our drab existence," says a correspondent. But until the Meteorological Department releases the news we shan't know whether it was white or green.

A correspondent says he found a quantity of pre-war blotting-paper in his desk. This is handy as writing-paper, as the ink dries quickly and doesn't have to be smudged by war-time blotting-paper.



D D

A Hampshire tradesman claims that he has had the flu six times in the last eight weeks. Sneeze-hog!

"The nation's food crop for 1944 should be an excellent one," says a gardener. The Ministry of Food will decide which vegetable is the best for us as soon as it knows for certain which there is the most of.

Goering may visit the Kiev Front. It is thought that his long experience of battling with a big bulge might be useful.

"The more serious a rumour the harder it is to trace to its source," says a writer. This is mainly due to careless listening.

A defendant has made his 109th appearance in a Lancashire police-court. We suppose he called round for his Christmas box on Boxing Day.

At the conclusion of a first-night performance the stalls cheered while the gallery hissed. An experienced theatre-goer says he couldn't quite decide whether the cheering was being hissed or the hissing was being cheered.

"There were no men among the prizes which went to Miss P—, Miss G—, Mrs. H— and Mrs. S—."

West-Country paper.

You can't have everything.

Army doctors have been attending civilian patients. It must be strange at first to maintain a soothing bedside manner and listen to flu symptoms described in detail and then not prescribe medicine and duty.









### THE BUTLER'S DREAM

"It came out of my head."



*"... and there's a dignity about this you don't get with a car."*

know why, I suggest that you take a look at any similar wooden engines you may have in stock. I don't mean that that in itself will necessarily fetch the wheels off, but I do say that you will be well advised to turn your head away when you cough.

Well, I put the wheel on again by pushing the nail back into its hole with my finger, and to make a good job of it give it a final tap with the cast-iron elephant you charged me eleven-and-six for, you rascal. That the wheel would break in half and the other three wheels simultaneously come adrift and roll across the carpet was perhaps to be expected. What I did not expect and cannot forgive is that the elephant itself disintegrated, one of the larger pieces falling directly on the roof of the driver's cabin. This was the first intimation I had had that the cabin was made of cardboard; but to you it will of course come as no surprise to hear that the whole structure collapsed like a house of cards.

At this point I gave the engine a kick in the boiler, and I want you to know that it stood up to it remarkably well. The funnel flew off, but apart from that the toy (or novelty, as it is better described) suffered little or no further damage. This seems to me a remarkable tribute to the solid construction and sound workmanship of the goods you sell, and I shall not fail to tell all my friends about it. In these

days of flimsy and undependable products it is a pleasure to get one's toe up against something fairly solid; perhaps you will allow me to repeat the sensation next time I call at your emporium.

Please make any use of this letter you see fit. H. F. E.

### "THEY ALSO SERVE"

THEY are brave, these people who, behind the scenes, whether at home or in the factories, go quietly about their essential tasks. Even when they are bombed and lose their homes and cherished possessions, their grateful appreciation of the help given them through the PUNCH COMFORTS FUND proclaims the spirit which cannot be broken.

The privilege of service to them is extended to you. If you have helped us with contributions before will you please help us again? If this is your first introduction to the Fund will you please become a subscriber? Donations will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.



## Celebrations in the Office

I NEVER saw such a December! What with Doris's twenty-first and Christmas and the shops closing at four, though I suppose they did last year too, and all the things people come back to the office after lunch with, china and coat-hangers and rocking-horses that rock every time the door opens, you haven't room to move, let alone answer the telephone that's ringing before you've time to take your hat off if you had one on.

But you won't catch the works manager doing his landlady's shopping again, even if her son does come home on leave to get married the very day the constant hot water is off and it's the daily woman's one day a week. But anyway he called at the butcher's on his way in and put the meat out on his window-sill to keep cool, though he might have known the kind of paper they wrap it in nowadays, and when he brought it in just before the black-out it dripped all over the letters his typist had just put on his desk for him to sign, and she had half of them to do again at that time of night because next morning was her Christmas shopping afternoon off. Some of the forms of course had to go off as they were, blood and all, and now everybody who comes in asks him who the Works have been murdering to-day and say they daren't order sausages in the canteen.

So I told him I hoped he'd entered it in his five-year diary because if there's one thing'll console me if this war isn't over by next Christmas it'll be that diary not having lasted out, because I'm just about tired of hearing what good timing it was on his part, as if he'd bought it on purpose. And telling us all the time what he's been doing to-day for the last four years—as if anybody couldn't tell who'd got it all written down! If it was what you were doing *next* year, there'd be some sense in it, Doris and I often say, especially now she's missing all the birthday predictions they've stopped giving because you like to read all about your twenty-first, however much you don't believe in it.

She's as thrilled as ever of course about coming under the same star as Mr. Churchill, and we read all about his birthday party and the thick layer of cream on his cake, and it reminded me of one office I was in they had some foreigners over on business and I did some letters for them and saw a lot of shorthand lying about already,

but I couldn't read it so I thought Gregg, only it was Persian.

We managed our cake too, though, because Doris queued up on the Monday morning for a cake ticket and remembered for once to take her knitting with her and nearly got a whole dish-cloth finished for her girlfriend in the Civil Service who's reducing and gave Doris all her sweet ration this month just when she'd got hold of some Bilbury's chocolate specially made by Plumtree's.

Then there was the raffle to help towards presents for people in the Services, and they had a tiny little bottle of whisky to go to the last bidder, and Doris and I said all along no use anybody else going in for that because we knew it would go to Willie, and we never thought it would but it did, and he gave it to Doris, so she raffled it again and bought a whole lot more cigarettes.

I'll say a twenty-first makes work! One thing after another kept cropping up, and with all the overtime beforehand we didn't seem to be making any headway, though Doris did manage a new hair-do, a short one this time instead of a snood. She was just doing her nails in the afternoon, because it smells just like stencil stuff if Mr. Head comes in, when our refugee turned up to show her how to make proper coffee for the party. Only she hadn't time then of course, and he said she'd got her birthday on the brains and he'd explain Willie instead, and I said I wished he would, and then I was sorry

after the whisky, because he isn't a bad lad really after some of the office-boys I've known, and even if he can't spell he made Doris a quite expensive-looking necklet out of brass paper-fasteners and some bits out of his box marked Ceiling-wax.

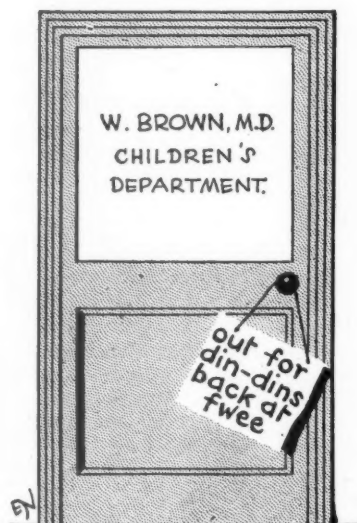
Our refugee brought Doris a great big furry tea-cosy and she didn't know what to do with it at first, but now she's going to use it as a foot-muff for her chilblains, which haven't started this year yet though she's expecting them any day now.

People brought out all kinds of things for Doris and were ever so good. She was a bit cut up at first about no mince-meat, but she got some tin jam for tarts and she had lots of tokens too. But there isn't much you can buy with them without coupons, and Doris thinks cinema tokens would be a good idea.

Anyway we had a lovely tea that afternoon, Mr. Head having gone down to the new factory, which is a blessing. And then we all got talking about how we were going to celebrate when peace comes. Jim, my boy-friend in the drawing-office, said anybody could burn the black-out: he was going up to the roof-garden to throw the carrots overboard, and I said I was going to pull all the net off my bus windows. But Doris had made up her mind she was going straight to the shop round the corner we can't stand and ask them for anything she could see they hadn't got, and then be the first person to answer them back with, "Don't you know there's a peace on?"

Doris was ever so disappointed there were no sirens at her party that night, because she said if she'd got to have a war-time twenty-first she might as well have a proper one and then she'd be able to tell her grandchildren all about it. But Doris always was so romantic.

I've always said other years what on earth did we do with ourselves all day long when there wasn't a war on, let alone Christmas as well, and this year there's been Doris's birthday into the bargain. If there's no war next year and no twenty-first, we just shan't know ourselves, but I suppose there'll still be Christmas. And anyway, as Jim says, a Christmas will come when there's no rations but the decorations.



The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



"Psst! 'Ere y'are, mate—nip in 'ere quick."

## The Phoney Phleet

XXXIV—H.M.S. "Indelible"

**I**NDELIBLE, the Flagship, lay  
At anchor. Far across the bay  
Two pin-points of reflection shone;  
The Admiral's gilt hat was one  
(Or, as some folk pronounce it, "one")  
And, scintillating in the sun,  
The other, fiercer, was the pate  
Completely bald, dehisulate,  
Of Pay-Commander Rupert Hagg,  
The Secretary to the Flag.

The Admiral held in his hand  
A signal—"Big Invasion planned.  
See General McPlugg at once  
And pick out best of Second Fronts.  
Important. Love and k., First Lord."  
Three minutes later those aboard  
Beheld the twain depart at speed.

"The sort of Second Front I need,"  
The General said, "must have, well, ports  
And railways. Yes. On further thoughts  
I may want roads—real first-class ones—  
But, most of all, no hostile guns."

"While I," said Admiral Maugh-Gore,  
"Require a shelving sandy shore,  
No surf, no tide and, let us say,  
Not more than thirty miles away  
From Pomport."

"Grand!" the General said.  
"Now let me think. We've used the Med. . . .  
Greenland's too far . . . the Falklands . . . Gosh!  
I've got it! *Vieux-des-Scrappe-le-Boche!*"  
"Le what?" "Le Boche." "Des which?" "Des Scrappe;  
One moment, let me get my map."

But search his pockets as he might  
The General brought no map to light,  
Nor even bits of paper, for  
A sketch of their projected war.  
At last in desperation "Hagg!  
Proffer your pate!" ordained the Flag.  
And thus in ink—McPlugg used blue—  
The details of invasion grew  
Until the final PLAN took shape.  
Between Hagg's eyebrows and his nape.

The General rose to say good-bye.  
"A word, Maugh-Gore—SECURITY;  
One breath of what we've planned, one cough,  
One gargle, and the show is off;  
A glance, a glimpse and . . ." Here he stopped:  
His eyeballs swerved. Maugh's knee-caps dropped.  
"Twelve thousand devils!" "Blow me down!"  
"Suffering mortars!" "Look! Hagg's crown!"  
And there it was, an open tome,  
The PLAN, in ink, upon Hagg's dome.

To shoot him would have been the best  
But might have led to their arrest,  
And so it was decided that  
In future he must wear his hat  
By night, by day, at dawn, at eve—  
Always. The man must never leave  
The cranium exposed in case  
Some errant eye should spot the PLACE.

Hagg trod his straight and narrow path.  
He wore his chapeau in his bath,  
In church, at every meal, in bed,  
Guarding the secrets on his head  
Until . . .

The blame lies fair and square  
On Whitehall. Some galoot up there  
Must send Indelible away  
To—think of it!—Great Bongo Bay;  
Great Bongo, where Anopheles  
Mosquitoes, twice the size of bees,  
Can eat their way through armour-plate,  
Producing bumps that irritate  
Beyond man's limits of control.

Of course the brutes made Hagg their goal;  
But Whitehall wouldn't think of that.  
They eat like butter through his hat  
Raising such lumps upon his crust  
That, PLAN or no PLAN, scratch he must,  
And ripping off the fatal cap  
He SCRATCHED. Behold! *Le Boche-des-Scrappe!*  
The PLAN! The Whole Darn Scheme displayed!

\* \* \* \* \*  
That's why the Second Front's delayed.

## H. J.'s Dramatic Fragments

I AM now going to print for you a fragment which is always associated in my mind with the time I had a laboratory boy whose spelling was weak; for example, he would leave a note for me about  $H_2O$  and would write  $O_2H$ . In long formulæ he would get more than half the letters wrong, and this led to many exciting discoveries, the position about patents becoming extremely complicated. This fragment was produced while I was seeing whether feeding him on arsenic would make him glow in the dark, I having temporarily confused this chemical with phosphorus.

### THE CORPSE WORE AN M.A. SHROUD.

(The scene is the Common Room of a Private School. EPHRAIM HIGG, an old master, and PETER PIN, a young one, are talking.)

HIGG. When I began teaching my father gave me a set of ivory-handled birches, but a fresh Head came with all sorts of new-fangled ideas and took them away from me. Old Posset lost a gold-mounted riding whip and "Bruiser" McFarlane a Penang Lawyer in a pigskin case.

PIN. At my school the boys were armed and the masters weren't allowed even to protect themselves. One man was sacked for wearing a mail shirt.

Enter MAJOR FRANCIS FRANK-SMITH, F.Z.S., the Headmaster

FRANK-SMITH. How many more times have I to tell you that mistakes are to be underlined in blue ink and corrected in red? Another thing, you ought to know by this time that daily mark sheets are to be sent up to the office in duplicate and weekly ones in triplicate.

PIN (ingratiatingly). Wilson II made a magnificent howler to-day, sir. It was in algebra. . . .

FRANK-SMITH. If he doesn't understand the work you can take him for an hour every day after school until he does. It'll be Parent's Day on Saturday. You will produce a Shakespeare play. Look in the book cupboard and see which one it is we have. We need not worry about costumes: we can broadcast it through the loudspeaker at tea. I shall know which parents are coming down on Saturday morning so that I can tell you your cast. [Exit

Enter a Boy

BOY. Our Mr. Duncan wants his cape, his goloshes and his Nature Study answer book: he is taking the Junior Ramble. [Exit with same

Enter HEADMASTER

FRANK-SMITH. Starting to-day, the Fifth Form will become the Upper Fifth and all forms below will become Lower Fifts A B C, etc.

HIGG. On my time-table you have put Practical Chemistry and Singing for the last period on Tuesday. I am not quite sure, sir, what you mean.

FRANK-SMITH. Some boys are taking one and some the other. I do not propose to waste masters on teaching half a Form. You will take them in the laboratory. There is a tuning-fork in the physics box. Another thing, in future all masters will wear gowns while sitting in the Common Room during free periods. I shall be showing some parents round during the next few days and I do not intend them to find a bear-garden. Those masters who are not marking will be reading books

in foreign languages; I shall issue them after nail-cutting this evening. [Exit

HIGG. Well, that's better than when we had to be standing round gaily chaffing one another. That strained us terribly.

Enter DELANE DELORME, a middle-aged and enthusiastic Master

DELANE DELORME. Have you seen this week's Model lesson in "Education: Whence? Where? and Whither?"? It is a simply spiffing wheeze for teaching Quadratics. I wonder if he'll let me try it. Perhaps I had better wait till a day when he is in London.

HIGG. Well I never learnt how to do them, and it's done me no harm. I just mark for neatness and then get on to revision as quickly as I can. What's all this nonsense anyway?

DELANE DELORME. One must keep up with the times. The idea is that the boys draw slips of paper out of a hat and one of them is X. Then you put up a sum on the board and the first boy to get it right has all X's tuck for a week.

PIN. What happens if X is first?

DELANE DELORME. Well, now, I hadn't thought of that. I must write to the editor and ask.

Enter another Boy

BOY. The Common Room is wanted for the Scouts' Gas-Ring Cooking Test.

[The masters put on coats and straggle out to walk round the playground till Prep.

FINIS



"Hedy Lamarr! Hedy Lamarr!"



## Toller Reports

To Entertainments Officer

**A**S suggested I submit herewith a report on the recent Christmas party attended by myself, with the idea of furnishing useful hints for the party shortly to be organized for Other Ranks and members of the A.T.S. within the unit.

It should, however, be remembered that in this case the party catered for personnel between eight and twelve, and, whereas general principles will remain the same, the outward reaction of guests may be found to differ slightly owing to superior control of emotions and the adult ability to pretend to other feelings than those actually felt. Thus in the matter of distribution of food, although guests may simulate an unconcern for this aspect of the party it is in fact the main incentive towards accepting an invitation, and should two parties occur on the same day, it is the recollection of the competing number and quality of jellies, trifles, cakes, etc., offered the previous year which determines a choice between the two. It might thus be as well to amplify the plain word "Refreshments" on the invitation card into a more detailed list of nourishment promised from the NAAFI: perhaps also some side reference could be made to the fact that the R.A.C. dance which is unfortunately billed for the same evening will not offer solid refreshment, though a danger here is that attention may be drawn to the ability of this dance to tempt the less strong-minded type of guest with alcoholic encouragement which sponsors of the Christmas party have rightly ruled out, bearing in mind the concluding passages of the Christmas party last year. In the actual consumption of refreshment, if guests are seated at table and portions served to them, it proves necessary to provide exact quantities, since otherwise there is a danger of guests passing on portions which look small under a pretext of politeness, with the inevitable scene when the small portion finally comes to rest. At the recent party referred to this portion was flung across the table after a quarrel and outburst of tears, sticking to a guest named Dashwood; but extremes of this sort are perhaps confined to personnel of the ages mentioned, although subsequently at the same party an uncle dressed as Father Christmas did chase a guest with a carved wooden destroyer after being stuck from behind with a toy

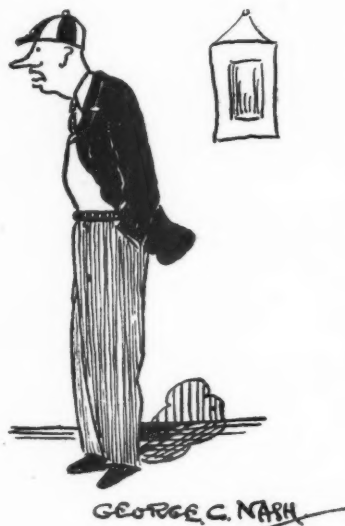
dagger while bending over to give a small girl her present from the tree. Here, however, there was some provocation, since the beard of the uncle in question had several times been pulled off by playful guests after he had spent more than half an hour attaching it with glue prior to entering. Nevertheless the provision of a Father Christmas for the coming party is not to be advised, as on the one hand Christmas is now over and on the other the distribution of presents is facilitated if no one individual takes responsibility for their selection, as a further trouble occurred when a girl by the name of Beatrice was presented with a pistol which she possessed already, this guest hacking Father Christmas on the shin as he bent to give her a kiss, unfortunately exactly on the spot which the uncle in question damaged recently on a Home Guard Battle Course.

With regard to party games, by far the most popular proved to be a variation of Blind Man's Buff, by which there were two blind men each provided with a buff in the form of a rolled Sunday newspaper with which they hit out at other guests, the great amusement being when the two protagonists met and commenced buffing each other. One point to be watched in this connection, however, is that no Chinese vases of any sort of value are

left in the room while this game is played; also it is preferable to choose a room without central-heating of the sharp-edged fin type, since the game naturally develops in freedom and blind men are unable to see in which direction they fall after being charged by other players. For this reason, if Red Cross personnel are not able to attend owing to more urgent war work, it is advisable for a supervising member of the party to be in attendance with lint and bandages for more serious wounds and with smelling-salts for guests temporarily knocked out. Games based on pencil and paper, such as the "Musical Story" in which a number of gramophone records were played to fill gaps in a short typed story supplied to each guest, so that the correct beginning read "Old King Cole" met "Jack and Jill" "Deep in the Heart of Texas," etc., were not found to be so popular except among the more cissy guests, who were habitually head of their form, and even led to a fit of sulks on the part of a junior guest who was not an accurate speller but who did not wish this to be known and thus hit himself in private on the nose with the object of making it bleed and so excusing himself from the game; which also unfortunately lent itself to cheating, since guests friendly with other guests would murmur the title of the tune as though in absent-mindedness, so that eventually all except the guest mentioned above solved the story correctly and without any real interest being shown. It was further found that the question of forfeits must be handled with great care, since sulking can also ensue from a continued inability to accomplish forfeits of a character to cause the protagonist to appear foolish in the eyes of fellow guests, such as standing on the head, biting an inch off the poker, and going out of the room with two legs and returning with six. Almost invariably other guests were able to perform the forfeit, emphasizing to the forfeitee how simple it was, and it was therefore concluded that the best type of forfeit is one allowing completion straight away even by less clever guests, such as laughing in one corner, crying in another, dancing in another and singing in another.

I trust the above points may prove useful in the party next week from which I regret I shall myself be absent owing to a previous engagement.

(Signed) J. TOLLER, Lt.  
Home Forces.



"I say, Dad, the toyshop in the High Street are only offering £7 10s. for my clockwork train."

## The Chameleon

I GROPEd for the rail and leaned over. The little world glowed in the darkness as vividly as the square of technicolour cast on the screen. Veridian palm-trees were carefully painted on the walls and a sky of startling blue on the roof. Improbable vegetation graced the synthetic rocks and birdcage sand was sprinkled on the floor. A brilliant light lit up every corner.

As I watched, a small green lizard came slowly from behind a rock. His tongue shot out as he looked sharply from side to side and then as suddenly stood still as if never to move again. On the yellow sand he seemed to fade away, I could hardly see him, for a dramatic change had taken place before my eyes. So this was a chameleon! The proverbial presented in very truth, a myth proved, a doubt dispelled.

Now the jibe of "Chameleon" had been flung at me since the nursery. The charge of inconstancy had been laid in the schoolroom. Aunts had decreed "You are nothing but a chameleon, child"; and later candid friends, more cautious in their pronouncements, had ventured "My dear, aren't you perhaps just a teeny weeny bit of a chameleon?"

Humbly accepting the accusation I had bowed to the verdict without more ado, only grateful that comparison to no viler crawling thing had been my lot. It was interesting to see my wretched prototype in the flesh, and no doubt it would be a salubrious warning. . . .

But not so fast! After a little further observation it became plain that there was more to this low creature than at first sight met the eye. He had his points; he had been sadly misrepresented; for there were no two ways about it, the chameleon was an excellent reptile.

Smart, spruce, intelligent and resourceful, tactful and unobtrusive, sympathetic, good-mannered, quick on the uptake and without bias, broad-minded and independent, he had contrived an effective life-style to carry him through the vicissitudes of this mortal coil, and a practical manner of carrying out his theory. He had achieved a solution to the problem of harmonious living, of adjustment to environment. His simple way of doing in Rome as Rome does was to change his colour and then go on exactly as before. I was delighted. No longer would I hang my head, my ways

would in future show no promise of being mended, I'd take a completely new line.

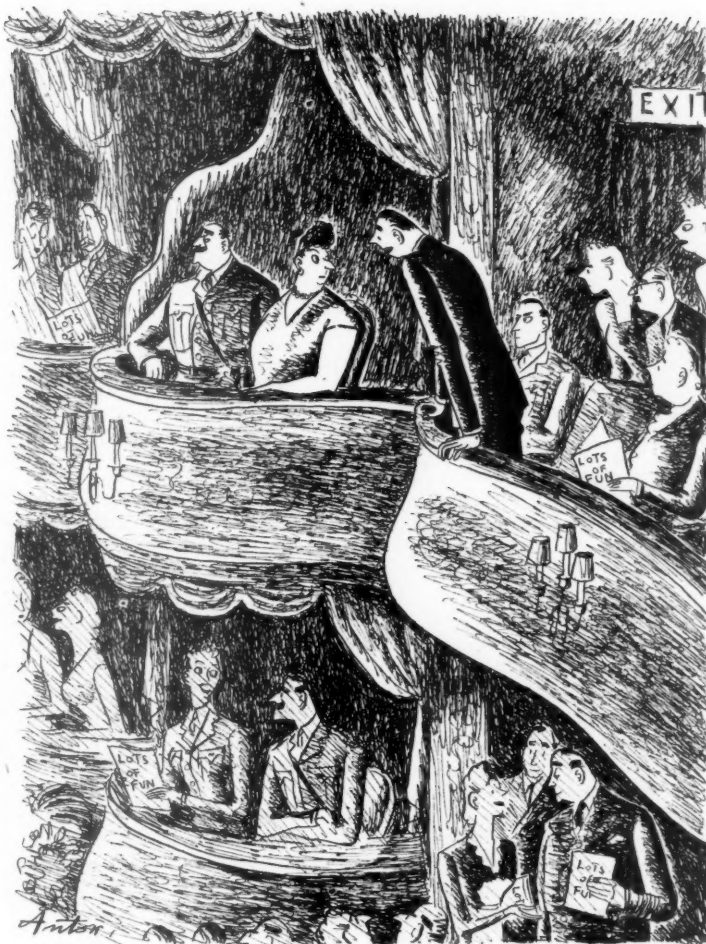
"Chameleon?" I would say with a little smile. "No, no, you flatter me. Well, perhaps I am a little, if I may say so without conceit." I could hardly wait to start my new plan of action. It would be easy enough to lead up to it. "Do you know, I've changed my mind, I really found those Russians the other night . . ." Or "Speaking as a chameleon, I think after all the Americans . . ."

I would dart about at the canteen. "Do let me," I would say, "dear Lady Casserole, peel the apples to-day rather

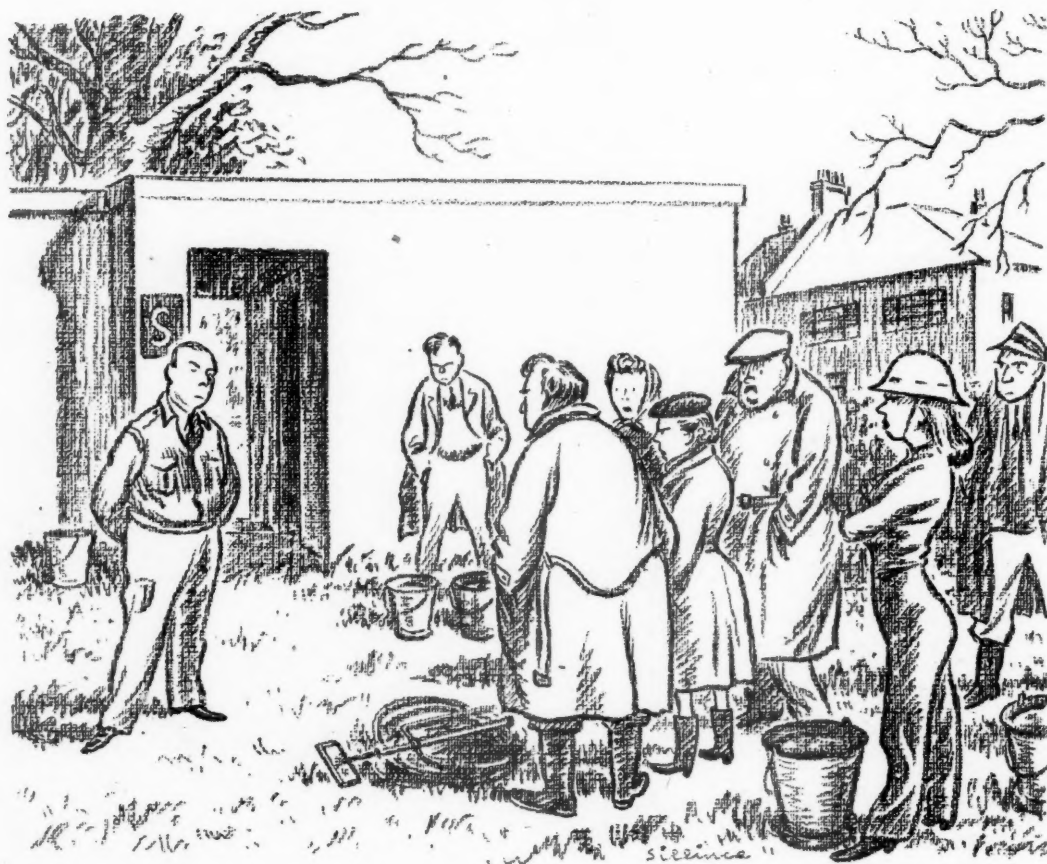
than the turnips." Or "Shall I pile the plates for you to-day, Mrs. Crockery, instead of scraping? I do feel," I would add self-righteously, "that one should try to be a chameleon."

Eager to start, I took a last look at my soul-mate, who had moved a few inches further on and now lay crouched, chequered brown and green like an Army lorry, against a highly improbable tuft of moss. He shot out a mythical length of tongue and with the precision of a steel measuring-tape coiled the tip deftly round a passing fly.

Could a Montgomery have accomplished such a master-stroke?



*"Just to decide a small bet, madam—are you going to be part of the show?"*



*"I'm afraid the Regional Commissioner has roped us in for ANOTHER blasted exercise, so I want you all to be on your toes and show him how keen we are."*

### *The Scarecrow's Hat*

**A** DERELICT clad in the frankest of tatters  
 He stands in a field for the scaring of crows;  
 There don't seem to be any—not that it matters—  
 There have been and will be again, I suppose;  
 His fluttering rags would be dear at a copper,  
 Mere dug-up old wreckage from heaven knows where,  
 But, crowning the outfit, a reckless old topper  
 Still gives him an air.

Scarred, dented and damaged, a thing for compassion,  
 Who knows on what head 'twas accustomed to ride?  
 Methinks I can see him, a young man of fashion  
 Refreshing the Park in his glory and pride,  
 I see him with gloved hand preparing to doff it  
 To her whom he meets with an elegant twirl  
 And being politely advised to come off it—  
 Dear gods, what a girl!

Wot well, in those days it was anxiously nourished,  
 Caressed by the iron and soothed with the pad;  
 How brave were the pavements of Town when it flourished,  
 And now, in its absence, how sombre and sad;  
 How ready, in peril of rain, was the brolly,  
 What tragic pursuit when 'twas blown from the brow.  
 A halcyon age for the topper, and golly,  
 Just look at it now,

So low that the veriest tramp in his wand'ring  
 Looks coldly upon it as not worth a swop—  
 Some moral is here which a trifle of pond'ring  
 Would bring to the surface, and there I shall stop.  
 'Twere better to leave it unwept for, benighted,  
 Ignored by the thoughtless but not without use,  
 For crows will be here to be duly affrighted,  
 And crows are the deuce.

DUM-DUM.





**BUSINESS AS USUAL**

"Confound you, merry gentlemen,  
Will nothing you dismay?"



"Eureka! I've thought of a secret weapon!"

## English Islands or Lost Off Labrador

XIII

**T**HERE is one shortage in this ship I have not mentioned yet. And that is fire-water. I have the dregs of a tiny iron ration of fire-water still, but it is nearly done. It was not designed for an eight days' fog. All day I do not touch it: but at night, when I creep into my cold blankets, I take a ceremonial nip, and rub a little on my tooth.

"Secret drinking," you harshly comment. "Wishful drinking," would be better. And secret drinking is quite the thing on this side of the Atlantic: indeed the laws almost compel it.

The Liquor Laws of Newfoundland are better than Prohibition, which went before, one must confess: and they are based upon three principles which must commend themselves to any keen social reformer like George or me—State Control, Local Option, and Individual Spirit Rationing. But they do not work out quite so sweetly as they sound. Any town can apply to have a Liquor Control Board Store:

only two places have so applied—London, as it were (St. John's), and Manchester (Cornerbrook). "So the island is practically 'dry'?" you conclude. "Sir," as the Duke of Wellington said (to the man who said "Mr. Jones, I believe?"), "if you believe that you will believe anything." For those who dwell in the far parts that have no Liquor Store can send for fire-water to St. John's, and receive it at long last by steamer. Any man can get an Individual Fire-water Permit, on payment of five dollars: and on that he may buy two quart bottles of spirits a week (which in England, in these days, would seem generous indeed). But he cannot stroll in anywhere and order "a small fire-water and soda." If he wants fire-water he must buy it by the bottle (or half-bottle). He cannot revel briefly, in rum, by the glass: though he can have beer with his meals at the hotel (and George says that there are "beer-parlours", but I have not found one).

The bottle principle is well enough for the rich and the resident, who can decently consume their bottles in their homes. It is not so good for the poor man—or the traveller. The sailor or soldier on leave, or on the spree, having bought his statutory bottle (or two), does sometimes lean towards the theory that his bottle of fire-water must be finished fairly soon, where, buying by the tot, he might well have been content with one or two. And it is statistically established that cases of comparative intoxication have arisen from this set of circumstances. The traveller, again, who selfishly insists on having a little fire-water wherever he goes (because he likes it), packs a bottle in his hand-bags, or, worse, in his best clothes. What is more, there is always (if he has taken proper precautions) a bottle in his bedroom, which is a bad thing. If a stranger calls upon him to discuss the Future of Newfoundland, he cannot give him a glass of sherry (or any other kind of

fire-water) in a public room: but he can take him to his bedroom and pour whisky, gin, brandy, rum (or what he has) down the man's throat *ad libitum*. To do this decently one has to pinch glasses from the bathroom or George's bedroom, tooth-brushes get mixed up, and the whole thing is highly undesirable.

The laws, in short, tend to favour Bedroom, Bathroom and Secret Drinking: and to discourage Wholesome and Social Drinking: and therefore they are bad. All this is acutely relevant to the travels of a Goodwill Mission—but I forgot: I have not told you about that.

The Royal Commission, which visited Newfoundland in 1931, said such waspy things about the island ways that the Secretary of State, I gather, did not like to send another. So he sent three Members of Parliament with no particular terms of reference and indeed no instructions to report about anything, and said that their mission was "of a goodwill character". The somewhat mystified but polite Press of Newfoundland did their best, and labelled us the Goodwill Mission. This awkward title has been clanking at our tails for about 3,000 miles. The members of a Royal Commission may look a little solemn sometimes, may select their witnesses—and company; and may even withdraw from the public view for meditation. But a mere Goodwill Mission must wear a grin all the time: they must see everybody; and always be on tap (I have often wondered whether it was in order for us to argue; though we have done a good deal of that). A Royal Commission, too, can be reasonably static: it sits in the centre like a great spider, and summons the evidence. A mere Goodwill Commission has to go scrambling about the world, scratching up what it can. We have travelled endlessly—1,000 miles a month: we have travelled, deliberately, with the people by the same slow and uncomfortable (though friendly) means of locomotion that they have to use—by trains that vibrate like destroyers, by roads like unfinished switchbacks, by small boats in large seas, by plate-layers' trolleys on the line. By land or water, we never move without pitching and rolling. We arrive at last and tumble out like jellied eels; but the guns of goodwill must be in action at once. There is not one parson, but three parsons to visit—and sometimes the Salvation Army leader as well. Then there are the magistrates, and the principal merchant, and the store, and the fish-meal plant, and the seal-plant, which is not now working, and the salmon-canning plant, which is now

being built, and some pleasant talk on the wharves with the fishermen. There is also, as a rule, a meeting with representative Labour men, and the Great War veterans, not to mention a few individual interviews with citizens who have particular troubles or points of view to mention. Sometimes there is a regular public meeting, and the three of us sit round a Union Jack and make or listen to speeches. Everybody is very friendly and charming at all these encounters; but at each one we have to ask the same questions and discuss the same answers. The Grin of Goodwill, the alert interest, the eager ear, must never falter. And George maintains that after two months of this life the occasional intake of firewater becomes a physiological necessity. He may be right.

All this time, by the way, we are not hogging it in rich hotels. We are being hospitably bedded and fed, one night at a time, in nice but modest private homes. We live, not in trunks, but in hand-bags: the horrors of packing confront us every morning; and George leaves a pipe or a tooth-brush almost everywhere. Sometimes there is a candle by the bed, sometimes an oil-lamp: sometimes there is electric light—but seldom by the bed. One never quite knows where the bathroom is (if there is one), and there is always Someone in it. When we have settled the bedroom plan (George always complicates the discussion by refusing to sleep two in a bed), and there is a slight pause between the afternoon and the evening meetings, I must say I do sometimes see some force in George's theory.

It is not so easy to carry out. There (with luck) is the bottle in the little bag (leaking, as a rule, on to the last clean collar). But one is never quite sure that one's host for the night is not a strict teetotaler (the farther north the more likely that he is), and one must not give offence or jeopardize goodwill. So there is a good deal of guilty whispering. Then there is the glass problem. George thinks he saw a tooth-glass in the bathroom: but there is Someone there. When Someone comes out one of us nips across and stealthily abstracts the tooth-glass, which we share. We forget to take the glass back, and no one in the house can wash his teeth properly next morning. It is all very difficult.

And apart from days of stress like this, the presence of the Bottle in the bedroom does sometimes lead even George to the use of fire-water at hours when he would never think of fire-water in a better-ordered land. The laws should be amended.

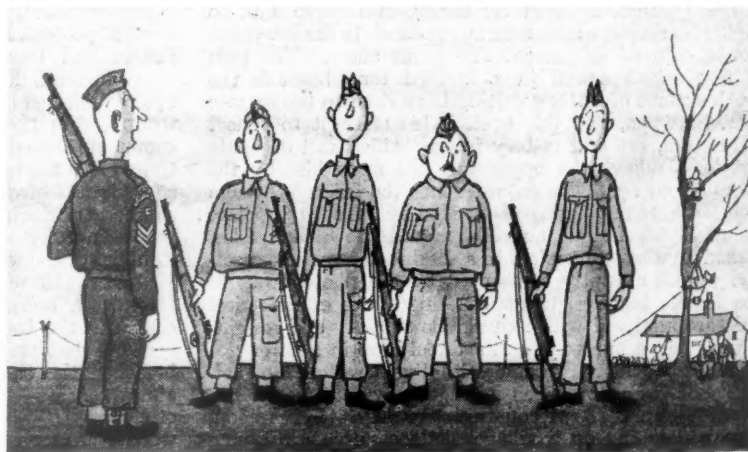
Meanwhile, I raise my ceremonial nip to one and all. A. P. H.

#### Pound Notes

"At the age of ten he could play the piano and the organ, and at 14 he played an enormous 2,500lb. organ at the Lincoln Theatre as official organist."—*Daily paper*.

"Washington, Friday.—Col. Frank Knox, United States Navy Secretary, revealed to-night that the 70-tons Naval Air Transport Services' new flying-boat Mars had completed its first mission and set up new world"—*Daily paper*.

What, already?



"A nice thing if the war ends suddenly and you blokes can't even handle a rifle."





"Finally, repeat the address for subscriptions; hold your breath till the red light goes off; and then go ahead with Whew, thank heaven that's over, was I too awful, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Sacheverell Sitwell

IF Walter Pater were resurrected in the England of to-day, and managed to survive the first shock, no more congenial way of helping him to understand what has happened to the world since his death could be devised than to place Mr. SACHEVERELL SITWELL's *Splendours and Miseries* (FABER, 18/-) in his hands, and leave him to decipher its message in as near an approach to the amenities he once enjoyed as present conditions allow. The pain and fear which sound in a muffled tone beneath the smooth surface of Pater's writing have risen to the surface in Mr. SITWELL, and this book is his attempt to collect from nature, art and history images which will dissipate or at least relieve the oppression laid upon him by the horrors of our age. The entrance into the Inferno through which Mr. SITWELL leads us is flanked by the steep desolate cliffs of Slieve League and Moher and the Shiant Isles. Attuned by these precipices to a sombre dreamlike expectancy, we are abruptly confronted by the photographs of three female lunatics, whose differing states of hysterical mania are analysed with remarkable subtlety and insight. We proceed on our way, and suddenly are in a throng of beggars, some leprous, some with limbs rotted by gaol-fever, some who have been mutilated by their parents, a few who were born without arms or legs. Further on, bombs are falling on a village, little children are crying under the birch-trees, a motorized column has vanished in the distance. At last we emerge into a landscape over which, it seems, some happiness is shed, but the images of felicity with which Mr. SITWELL fills his fourth book are,

like the peaceful intervals in a nightmare, charged with apprehension, and presently we are immersed in fear and misery again. There is no paradise in these pages, no ecstasy to balance the horror. Like Pater, Mr. SITWELL is exclusively an aesthete. "The only true religions," he writes, "are the arts of men. That is the only immortality. All other is imaginary, and has no proof. There are no Heaven and no Hell." It is no reproach to this book, which is marked by an extraordinary range of knowledge and sensibility, that its author does not attempt to reveal what he has not himself experienced. But, again like Pater, he shows that an exclusively aesthetic attitude to life makes hell actual to the imagination, if not acceptable to the intellect, and heaven neither acceptable to the intellect nor capable of being apprehended by the imagination.

H. K.

#### Return to Nature

When Taine described the fops of Rousseau's day as "dreaming between two madrigals of the happiness of sleeping naked in a virgin forest" he described the characteristic attitude of a resolutely urban mode of living towards what it perceives of the countryside. The trouble about England is that there are now so many citizens casting about for a virgin forest to sleep naked in that not only are virgin forests fast becoming urban dormitories, but pastures and cornfields as well. This naturally worries Mr. F. J. OSBORN, Hon. Sec. of the Town and Country Planning Association. He sees our squalid cities as "a deterrent to the better cultivation of our sensibilities." And he urgently recommends *The Beauties of Scenery* (MULLER, 6/-), a charming little book by Dr. VAUGHAN CORNISH, in which the free entertainment provided by nature offers an inexpensive alternative to the sports and pastimes beyond the turnstile. The glitter of the Pleiades, the exhilarating spaciousness of the fens, the crested waves of a Severn bore—here are spectacles and shows whose only gate-money is a receptive eye. Yet even aesthetically speaking the receptive eye of the high-souled holiday-maker strikes one—so far as England is concerned—as a poor substitute for the thews and sinews of an indigenous husbandry.

H. P. E.

#### Theory and Practice in North Africa

Major-General J. F. C. FULLER's manual on the employment of protected vehicles was a pre-war text-book in both Russia and Germany. His theories still await expert study in the light of the fighting between those countries, but republished as *Armoured Warfare* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 8/6) they are in part brought up to date by comments based on experience in Libya and Tunisia. Quite often the new ideas—which appear rather irritatingly as footnotes—frankly contradict the earlier text, but even so one may doubt whether the influence of the land-mine has been fully appreciated; for General FULLER is still thinking of the tank as the first weapon of offence, whereas Mr. ALAN MOOREHEAD, in *The End In Africa* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 10/6), describing war as he has seen it, rather compares the tank with the old Napoleonic cavalry, the agent of destruction launched only when other arms have breached the enemy position. Mr. MOOREHEAD, writing almost too fast—he refers, for instance, to "an empty packet of cigarettes"—is as vivid and sympathetic in this rather wonderful new volume as we have come to expect. Here, with flashing bits of scenery, quick character-studies and realist impressions of our terrible fighting men, are such pungent matters as the new truth on Algerian politics, light on the curiously-staged Casablanca Conference, the

meagreness of the margin when destruction threatened at Thala and Tebessa, and the tale of the four hundred prisoners in enemy hands rescued at the moment when they were to have sailed for Italy—all dashed in and out with accounts, as it were in parenthesis, of the writer's own razor-edge adventures and built up round half a dozen stories of sharply localized battles seen and sung as completely and as crisply as ever minstrel tuned a ballad, the whole breathless sequence leading up to the still unbelievable climax when the great Hun army, almost intact, almost unhurt, simply collapsed.

C. C. P.

### And the Desert Shall Rejoice.

Solitude, in itself, is a two-edged gift to a visionary. Those who have made best use of it have either been soundly trounced by the world before their withdrawal from it, or have continued the good work of castigating their own exuberance—on the walnut-tree principle—in the solitude itself. The first chapter of Mrs. MARGIAD EVANS's *Autobiography* (BLACKWELL, 8/6) is headed "A Little Journal of Being Alone." Most of it relates or sings—in a rather mannered breathless prose or in verse reminiscent of the Shelley side of Mr. Walter de la Mare—the visions sought by the author somewhere between Dingestow (Mon.) and Ross-on-Wye during an enviable respite from society. "By visions," she explains, "I mean quite ordinary things which possess for some reason extraordinary powers." But surely the value of such a vision depends on whether it is, as it were, a spiritual distillation or merely a coat of glamour? One doubts whether the visionary herself knows one from another—but that can hardly be counted against her. Her love of the solitude that begets the visions is unquestionable. What is disquieting is her incomplete humanity. "To draw a moral," she says, "is to draw a bolt." And this from an admirer of Wordsworth!

H. P. E.

### Wellington College

A model of brevity and dignified reticence, the book jacket of *A Victorian School—Being the Story of Wellington College* (BLACKWELL, 12/6) tells the reader nothing about the author. From internal evidence, however, it appears that Mr. R. ST. C. TALLBOYS is, or was until recently, a master at Wellington, and that he was there as a boy in the early years of the century. His sketch of his old school is not only interesting but excellently written, though the influence of Lytton Strachey is sometimes too perceptible, as in the tired elegance of so dubious a generalization as "There is always something elusive and rather absurd about the past." Mr. TALLBOYS opens his narrative with the death and funeral of the Duke of Wellington, quoting Carlyle's opinion of the hearse—"Of all the objects I ever saw the abominably ugliest." As a memorial to the Duke, the Prince Consort and the Earl of Derby raised a fund of £160,000 which was used to found a college for the "gratuitous, or nearly gratuitous, education of orphan children of indigent and meritorious officers of the Army." A site on the borders of Windsor Forest was acquired, surveyors were sent to inspect it, and a neighbouring shepherd was so greatly alarmed by the arrival of these strangers that he hurried home, driving his cows before him to keep him company. Under its first headmaster, Edward White Benson, whom Mr. TALLBOYS pictures very vividly, the school grew quickly, and when he left it after fourteen years it numbered over three hundred boys and was well on its way to becoming a typical public school instead of the rather grim military institution envisaged by the Prince Consort. Its evolution

during the rest of the nineteenth century followed the same course as that of the other public schools. Character, or a lack of intelligence, the two things being regarded as practically identical, was fostered at the expense of individuality, and by the beginning of the twentieth century life at Wellington was standardized into a somewhat dreary routine. "The masters," Mr. Harold Nicolson narrates, "took a pride in feeling that not only did they know what any given boy should be doing at that particular moment, but that they knew exactly what the said boy would be doing at 3.30 P.M. six weeks hence." Thirty years later, Mr. TALLBOYS narrates, some of the boys had small busts of Lenin in their studies, but these were broken by the Army Class, who adhered to the ideal of standardization, though doubtless less fanatically than Lenin himself. H. K.

### Different Sorts of Country

Naturally, since he has been Master of the South Dorsets here and has had hounds of his own in New England and hunted them "over the snow-clad hills not far from the road over which Paul Revere galloped," Mr. A. HENRY HIGGINSON, M.F.H., puts in several pleas for fox-hunting in his new book of stories, *A Tale of Two Brushes* (COLLINS, 6/-). He has, so he tells us, written the book in the hope that it will bring back happy memories to men who are serving their country in far-distant lands. Certainly he has the happiest knack of conjuring up a countryside, and his very "English" outlook may come as a surprise to the insular, who may be equally surprised to learn the point of view of the Yankee farmer who "resented any innovation in sport," particularly if it savoured of the "red-coats" who had fought his ancestors at Concord a hundred and fifty years before. One of his best stories describes a morning's cubbing which was interrupted by a dog-fight overhead, the crashing of a Nazi plane and the capture, by the huntsman, of a German parachutist. "I shall always wonder," writes Mr. HIGGINSON, "what that Boche airman thought when he saw a scarlet-coated 'cavalryman' riding at him full tilt, yelling like a Comanche Indian." A happy book, unpretentiously told.

B. E. B.





"'Gurnet'—now would that be one of these new fish?"  
 "Oh, no—definitely pre-war."

### *A Passion for Portraits*

I AM all agog. A brand-new notice has appeared in the Mess: "Copies of the photograph taken in May last are ready, and may be obtained at the Secretary's office."

With what speed shall I hie me there!

The alacrity with which Englishmen in uniform will face the camera is usually only equalled by their tardiness in purchasing a copy of the result. I have often wondered, in fact, why people are so anxious to get into photographs they will never see. Pre-war, it was, for example, impossible to take a simple picture of the esplanade for a hotel prospectus without some unknown individual in a bowler hat pompously edging in and even turning to face the camera, leaning on his umbrella. The same with bomb damage to-day. A proper picture-paper view of a crater is always interfered with by people who stand beside it as if they had entered it in a competition, whereas they do not even

live there, and were certainly not present when the thing burst. Whilst when sweethearts are trying to photograph each other on the heath they have the utmost difficulty in persuading strangers not to manifest themselves in the background. I have often been waved at myself, and thinking I knew the people have waved back and gone nearer.

So the turn-out for this photograph of the officers of our Battalion last May (true to type) was terrific. Everyone who had the remotest connection with the Mess stood hopefully around, waiting to be beckoned forward to make up numbers, including a fatigue party of potato-bashers and the family of a sergeant who lives out.

The main point about army photographs, anyway, is that whilst it is quite legitimate to take them, you must not at the same time take any military building. So instead of having our photograph taken outside the Mess we had to assemble in front of a piece

of waste land, where the local farmer had been permitted to collect swill.

Owing to the slope of the ground we sensed that we should all appear to be leaning backwards. To counteract this we agreed confidentially to lean forward as the camera-man squeezed the bulb. It was then observed that the tripod supporting the camera was tilted to the left. Not wishing to irritate the camera-man by raising niggling little details (it had been extremely difficult to get him at all), we arranged in undertones to lean the other way, and all kept faith. Except one chap who, when taxed with his failure to co-operate, explained that he had never been able to point himself out in a group yet, and thought that this time he would make sure of finding himself by keeping upright.

Before the executive word of command "Still, everyone!" the camera-man came forward to make adjustments to our dress, to correct the way our spectacles sat on our noses, and to



insist on "sizing" all who were standing, which unfortunately pushed most of the officers who had arranged the photograph out of sight. He next made all those sitting down fold their arms until he came to our gallant C.O., who only has one. In his embarrassment he now made matters worse by suggesting they should *link* arms instead. The C.O. here himself suggested that to make the point quite obvious, we should all stand up, turn to the right and rest our hands on the shoulders of the man in front, and grin. But the camera-man said that to do this effectively it was necessary to wear straw hats, and thereafter contented himself with fussing around us with artistic fingers, drawing some of us closer and spacing others out. One whom he most insistently waved in closer was a complete stranger who had only come in to ask the way to another barracks; I shall never forget the expression on the face of the officer next him who suddenly saw that in addition to everything else this person was a sailor!

Well, I know what my feelings will be when I go to the Secretary's office for my copy. I shall hold the thing in my hand in silence whilst other people look over my shoulder and make such remarks as: "I told you so! We had the sun bang in our eyes and we all look as if we were wearing false noses, and dominoes."

"WHO THE DICKENS WAS THAT CHAP? I never knew even when he was here."

"I say, this will hurt the feelings of the fellows who have been promoted since."

"I am perfectly certain I never looked like that in my life."

"It's always the same... Everyone wants to be taken, and when they see it, nobody wants a copy."

Oblivious of all this the Second in Command will breeze into tea, and we shall hear his voice boom across the room, above the tinkle of the teacups: "I say, I've just been thinking what a *darned* good idea it would be to have a photo taken while we are all together like this. I mean we shall probably never be all together again! What do you say, shall I try to fix the camera fellow for next Sunday morning?"

And everyone will say: "Oh, yes, sir, rather. What a jolly good idea!"

o o

#### Squeezing the Last Drop

"If you want cows to give milk in winter they must be fed on hay and mangled."

Schoolboy's essay on "Milk."

## Women Again

I CAN never understand how the Colonel came actually to read Gunner Bracket's poetry. The Colonel can quote some Kipling, remembers the name Tennyson from school and rather likes Omar Khayyám.

The opening stanza of Gunner Bracket's poem read:

*"Dimly the corn-blossom engulfed the lilies.*

*'I cannot understand it,' one said.*

*It was like the echo*

*Of a severed gravecloth."*

That came out of the Regimental Suggestion Box, coupled with a proposal that the Regiment should run a weekly magazine. The Army is open to receive suggestions from all ranks on anything that may lead to an improvement in equipment, training or administration, and some that get into the box are very sensible. Gunner Bracket's was classified as a fifty-percenter. No one liked his poetry.

"It's fantastic," the Colonel said at dinner, "that I am reputed to be surrounded by keen and intelligent young officers and it's left to a gunner to put up this really useful idea about a magazine. Get it started at once."

There are two separate problems about a magazine. One, the contributions; two, the paper. The second caused much less difficulty than I had anticipated. We are coast gunners and live in a rather battered area, one where the local demands for paper must have shrunk even more than the supply of paper itself. I went to see the local printer and was not laughed out of the shop.

He wasn't enthusiastic, but he said he still had some left.

"I could do it, sir," he went on, doubtfully. "About five hundred copies, eight pages, once a month. Not that it's an order I care for, sir. You'd be surprised how touchy folks are about that kind of order. A single misprint can properly upset 'em, and it's not as though old Tom's sight's as good as it was. Unreasonable, I call it."

But he didn't say "No," and that was good enough for the Colonel.

"Put a notice in orders," he said. "And say the idea came from Gunner Bracket via the Suggestion Box. Kill two birds with one stone, so to speak."

If one of the birds had been Gunner Bracket I should have been happy. The Gunner was not only keen, he was madly enthusiastic, and immediately gave us enough of his existing compositions to fill a magazine the

size of the *Saturday Evening Post*, advertisements as well. And he volunteered to act as assistant editor, a thought that filled me with horror.

He was the one enthusiast. The padre gave me a letter from his brother describing the first occupation of Benghazi—good but dated. The Quartermaster knocked off a piece, as he called it, on "Common Faults in Completing Army Form X17306," and our P.T. expert wrote out some easy lessons for thirty minutes' work-out before reveille. All that did not make a first issue, not by any means.

It meant I had to go out and solicit contributions, an embarrassing task. Both the Brigadier and the Colonel wrote a Message of Welcome to the enterprise, but almost identical in terms; Major Flodden immediately dashed off a bridge problem, with about 2,000 words of explanation on the end play of South's hand; and the Sergeant-major chipped in with a piece entitled "Ten Years in a Thames Fort." I was still not satisfied.

In despair I went to see my friend Belinda. Belinda is a Wren, now running the Admiral's mess in the naval port we guard. Before the war she wrote the same love-story every month, with different characters on each occasion, and sold it to women's magazines. I asked her for ideas. She was full of ideas.

As a result the thing began to take shape. I carefully compiled a list of all programmes at the local cinemas for a month ahead, which would ensure at least a minimum sale of the paper. I persuaded the Adjutant to write a "Things We Want to Know" column, which turned out to be full of innuendos that were a credit to his private detective organization, and the Colonel touched up his original message and altered the title to "Thoughts on Christmas."

I myself became football reporter, "Aunt Agnes," with replies to ten bogus letters, "Old Soldier" (reminiscences of the Crimea), "L'Homme Noir," a highly coloured version of life in occupied France, and "Claudius," who wrote vigorously on Beveridge, Uthwatt, Scott and all stations to Utopia. All I needed now was one original story, so I went to see Belinda again.

Before I could say a word she greeted me with an affecting air of innocent delight.

"Oh, Peter," she said, "I'm so glad you looked in. Someone's

persuaded the Admiral that I should run a magazine for our establishment. You must do something for it. What about 'Life in a Coast Artillery Regiment'?"

Of course she had seen the printer as well, and of course he had been as frail as most men would have been. She had her contract with him in writing.

My only flash of genius was to sell the idea that the magazine had better be an inter-Service one. She said she would persuade the Admiral. The Colonel was disappointed but very decent about it all.

I suppose the real sufferer was Gunner Bracket. There was no room at all for any of his verse in the first issue.

### Five-Year Plan

FROM time to time the B.B.C. brings to the microphone men or supermen who know what Germany is thinking. Very often, we find, the Nazi propaganda-machine gives itself away by saying the exact opposite of what we, in Britain, do not expect it to try to make us disbelieve the opposite of, or (again) by saying precisely what we should not want it to think we knew it intended not to have us disbelieve. It is all very ingenious, and I applaud the work of our experts in psychological warfare. But as an executive of the Snacker and Dipocket Small Things Co. (1928), Ltd., I sometimes wish that they would extend their interpretative activities to the pronouncements of the British Government.

Most of the trouble at our factory

has been caused by the uncertainty and ambiguity of ministerial directions. Only the other day, for example, Lord Woolton said something that caused me to call an extraordinary meeting of our joint-production committee. Speaking of reconstruction policy he said that every wise industrialist should plan production for from two to five years ahead. Did Lord Woolton mean that the war will end in from two to five years' time? That would seem the obvious deduction—and yet . . . I decided to take no chances. If peace is going to descend upon us suddenly I am determined that S. and D.s shall not be caught napping.

The various recommendations put forward at this meeting are outlined below. They may prove helpful to industrialists who find themselves faced with the same difficulties.

Mr. Oswald Thirk (Labour Manager): "Once the Essential Work Order is lifted our labour problem will become acute. Upwards of ninety per cent. of our workers (about nine per cent. are non-English-speaking refugees) have intimated that it is their fervent desire and irrevocable decision to quit our premises immediately on the cessation of hostilities. Moreover, their unsolicited statements have been couched in such strong terms that I am bound to take notice of them. Many workers have received tempting offers of long-term contracts to appear on the variety stage. Others, as demobilization from the forces proceeds, will wish to leave us in order to rejoin their wives. If our labour force is to be assured we must plan now. I suggest that we launch an immediate recruitment campaign and I seek the committee's permission to enclose the following handbill with every wage-packet.

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- (6) Holidays with pay staggered on sliding scale.

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Mr. Snacker: "As I see it the future of our firm is tied up with the declining birth-rate. We must switch over from bulldozers to bath-chairs, from flame-throwers to night-lights, foot-rests and ear-trumpets. At the same time, of course, we must be prepared to spend lavishly on advertisements drawing the attention of the public to the perils of over-population."

Mr. Drydig (Canteen Manager): "As soon as supplies become normal we must provide really tasty dishes for our workers. Our preparations include the careful collection of 'Kitchen Front' recipes. Our chief problems will be educational. We must instruct our workers in the correct use of teaspoons and fish-knives and in wise methods of tipping. At the moment our army of workers is marching on its stomach-powders. If the canteen is to play its part in reconstruction it must guarantee freedom from flatulence."

Mr. Smelt (Shop Steward): (Censored).

Here ends Mr. Punch's Two



Hundred and Fifth Volume

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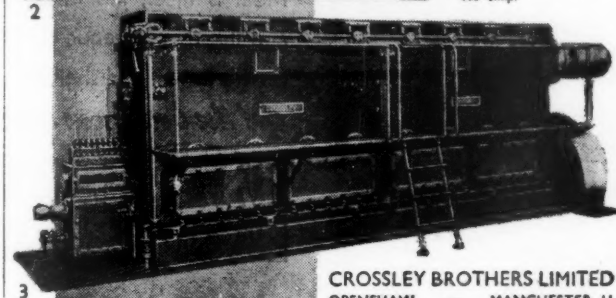
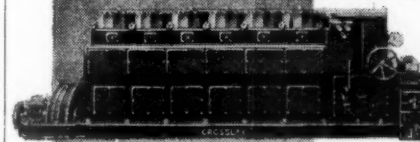
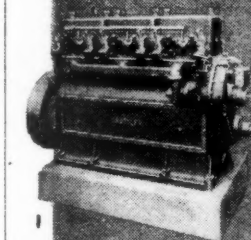
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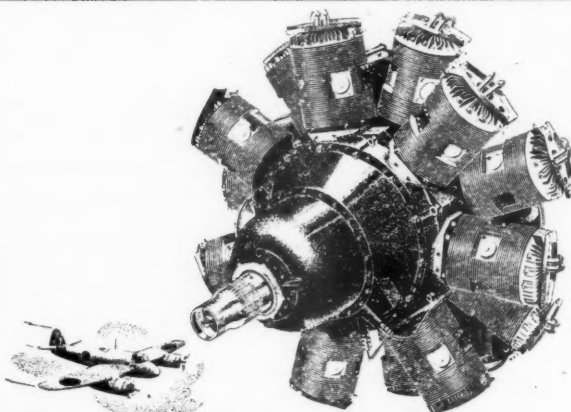
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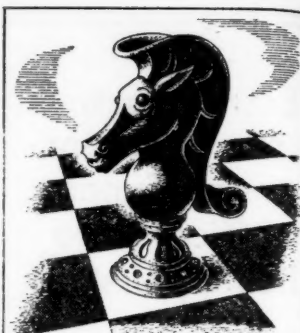
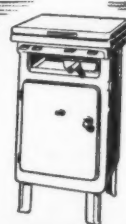
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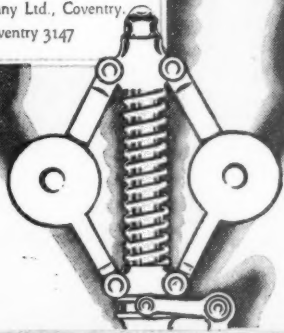
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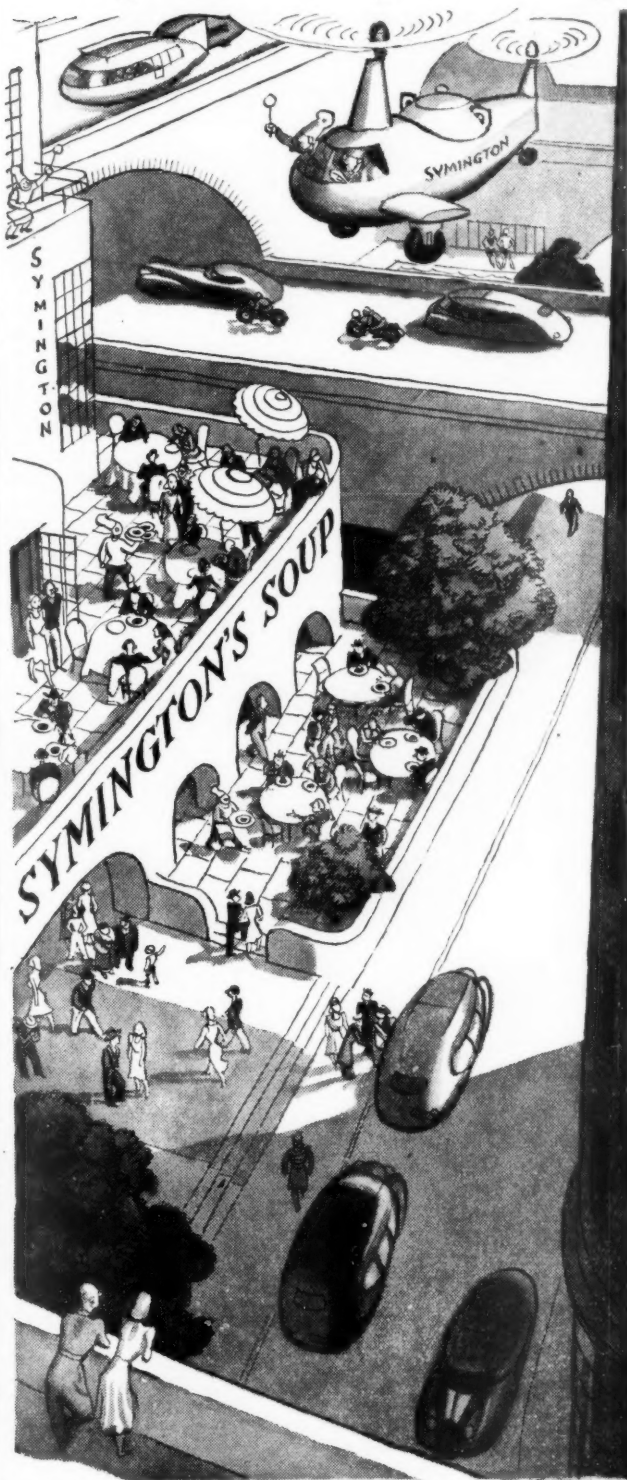
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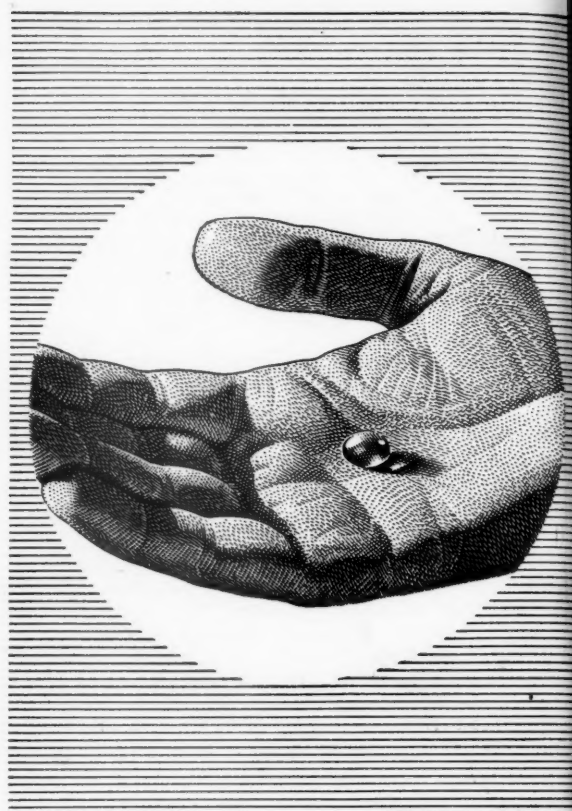


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